

Not for Publication.

Moscow, Russia.

August 23, 1929.

Dear Folks:

I believe that my last general letter was written in Paris. From Paris we went to Geneva, which is my favorite in Europe. There we saw the League of Nations at work and saw Mme. Curie in action on one of the committees. Ben and Edith Cherrington of Denver have rented a lovely little chateau on the lake and we had tea with them. We visited the Labor Office and the men of the party attended the classes at Zimmer's International school in the mornings. I filled in at a luncheon party given by Mrs. Gregory, the mother-in-law of Arthur Sweetser, and we were given a real American luncheon in a real Swiss Chateau, and had coffee out under the trees and talked with interesting people. There were usually two meetings in the afternoon with interesting speakers, including Dame Rachel Crowdy.

In Berlin we also had a lovely time. Wolfers always sets up a good program and is the best part of it himself. He is a German Swiss and can look at things from all angles and without favor, or prejudice. In fact, he is always voted the best speaker of the summer by the party. We had tea one afternoon with some of the officials and the next afternoon at the Reichsbank.

President Schacht told us it was the first time they had served tea there and to women guests, but they must have liked the experience because before we left they invited the party to tea again next year. Of course, these teas are not mere social affairs. There are always speeches and discussions.

We had a guide and interpreter furnished us by the Open Road Travel people. The same man carried us through from Plymouth to and through Berlin. He was a very interesting young Austrian, who made himself generally useful and indispensable from the time we hit French territory until we left him on the platform in Berlin. He had not been in the war, as he had joined the last year at the age of 17 because he was so dreadfully hungry and it would mean one less mouth to feed at home, and not because he wanted to fight. He gained a real place of friendship with all of us.

Mrs. Egan left us at Geneva, and at Berlin we lost some of our most valued members in Miss Pendleton, Pres of Wellesly, Mr. and Mrs. John Bakeless, and Father McGowan. We sure hated to lose every one of them. Before leaving Berlin we were joined by Prof. Halperin of the Texas A.&M. College, who acted as Russian interpreter, and Mr. Watkins, a Californian, who had spent a month in Italy. We have never lacked things of interest to talk about and interesting people to talk with.

We were in Leningrad only a couple of days, and had no fixed program, just sightseeing. However, on coming in to Russia, we had to change our habits of eating. Breakfast at nine was early, Dinner at three or four and supper at nine. The Russians invariably are night owls and do not rise early. Service in the hotel does not begin until eight o'clock in the morning, union hours, and the first thing our Open Road guides told us at the first breakfast was that we would have to learn to be patient. Having been patient all my life, and having invariably waited for the other fellow, I was in good trim, but the casualness of the Russians is beyond the comprehension of the average American. As Sherwood says it is enough to "drive one to drink", and it nearly drove the orderly, systematic soul of Pat Malin crazy before he finished with them. Perhaps you can get some notion of what I mean when I say that the literal translation of the word they use for "right away" happens to be "within the hour".

As you know, Leningrad was started ~~and built~~ by Peter the Great and was built from plans, having wide streets and open squares. The houses are all dilapidated and out of repair because there is no money to fix them up now. The insides of the public buildings look much better and they are beginning to

fix up the outsides of some of them now. They have carefully preserved and put into museums anything that had any artistic value. They have some simply priceless collections, and there are large collections of some of the old masters, as well as primitives and moderns. They have collections of porcelains, pottery and precious stones, etc., that any Museum in Europe would give anything to buy, but they prefer to keep these things for the future and simply go slower in their development. Those things which they confiscated and which had no artistic value, they sold, but anything which had any value as a piece of art they kept. There are things in the Jewel collection at Leningrad which could easily be sold and never missed, but they will not. The museums are not only crowded all year round, but they have competent instructors to guide the parties of people around and explain things to them in groups and there are lectures provided and excursions to places of interest, and the general run of people are better informed on these subjects than most of the guides in the museums of Europe on questions of art. Some things preserved were the handwork of old Peter the Great, who was a wonderful artisan. However, I don't like his street paving. It is cobblestones. The story is told that he came back from his visit to the European capitals and told his councillors: "Look here, we will have to be more civilized. we will have to build great buildings and we will have to pave the streets to make them look nice." The councillors did not much want to do so, but they put their heads together and paved the streets.

In Moscow we have seen museums galore, the Kremlin, the crown jewels, churches, factories, model prisons and what not, and we have talked with Russians in authority and out, with American correspondents and business men, had a trip down the Volga in wonderful weather, and talked and read books on Russia and talked more and more, and if the party were still here we would still be talking.

My impression of it all is that it quite impossible for Americans to understand without coming here or at least reading many books on the subject. There is a need to know something of Russian history and something of what the Greek Church was, or was not, and above all, the psychology and background of the peasant, who is Russia. Above all, Russia must not be compared with America or any other nation, but with Russia of old. Only then can advance be seen, and it is staggering. I am not sold to all their ideas, not by a long sight, but they surely have done wonderful things in this land, and they have done them alone and against tremendous odds, with the whole world trying to down them and refusing to try to understand them. They have changed the worker from a slave to the equal of anybody. They have idealized him and are giving him every advantage. Everywhere, they are trying to educate the people and they are carrying on all kinds of campaigns through education. They hope that within another three or four years to be able to have no illiterates under thirty five years of age, and that is a great and wonderful thing when one considers that most of the people were illiterate. They may or may not do this because there is such a lot to do, but in the industrial sections, they have provided nurseries for the babies, and kindergartens, schools, clubs and social insurance and free medicine. One must remember that everyone is on a level here and most of the women work, often because the head of the house does not earn enough to support the family, but still they are many times better off than they were before the war, and I must say that they are a healthy happy looking bunch of people. In everything except politics they are free and happy. They would be freer and happier if they were not so eternally afraid of the other nations, and the other nations are so eternally afraid of each other and of Russia, and we are all afraid of each other and it is a vicious circle and leads nowhere./ No wonder they don't believe in God when they see what we have made of him, and yet, the principles of their government are more like the teachings of Jesus than our practice. They at least practice the brotherhood

of man. There is no lip service, it is practice, an everyday affair. The worker and the peasant are having their chance at things and they are different beings. Times are so hard, that many of them don't like it, those who had much of this world's goods before the war, but they are so far in the minority that it really does not matter much, and when one considers what the workmen and the women and the children have gained, it is almost incredible. I wish you would read for yourself if you can get at least the first four books from the library in some way. We have found the following good;

Russia After 10 Years. Report of the American Trade Union Delegation to the Soviet Union.

The Challenge of Bolshevism. D. F. Buxton, (English Quacker.)

Broken Earth, Maurice Hindus.

Humanity Uprooted, Maurice Hindus.

The Women of Soviet Russia, Jessica Smith.

The Hammer and the Scythe, Anne O'Hare McCormick.

We had dinner with Maurice Hindus yesterday and are now reading the proof copy of his latest book, "Humanity Uprooted" and I can assure you it is good. I must say that Russia has been one of the most interesting countries so far, as it is so totally different. I could just keep on writing all night, but I really must get up in the morning, as Maud and I and Nevin Sayre and Donald Grant are being taken out to visit some villages, Sherwood has an engagement and has to stay here. If I survive I will try to remember to tell you about it.

P 4

Much love to all,

Affectionately yours,

August 25. This will be sent out by Nevin Sayre, who goes tonight, therefore I can say a little more. It is not wise to trust too much to the mails.

As I said before, everything in the whole state tends to exalt the worker. He gets the best of everything; his children go to the best schools, communists next, then the rest of the people and last, the non-citizens, such as nep-men, or private dealers, and all who for any purpose are not allowed to have citizenship. The only way their children get equal privileges is to renounce the older folk and have nothing to do with them, and take up the communist work. The worker gets from 2 weeks to a month each year in a rest camp. This means complete rest with all expenses paid and his salary continued. The man and wife are sent to different places, and if there are children, they go to a third place. The worker gets tickets so he can have first chance at foods, reduced prices at theatres and places of amusement. He gets his rent cheaper, and the jobless pay no rent. The younger portion of the jobless are sent to trade schools and fitted for other jobs. The young workers who show exceptional ability are put in training schools for government jobs. All training is toward deification of the state, and only the best of the young Comsomols are permitted to join the Communist party at the age of 23. Then, their soul is no longer their own. They belong body and conscience to the party and must do what it commands. That is why they have to limit it to those who are mostly fanatical idealists. All Communists are atheists. Not all officials are communists now, but the higher ones are. There are only a couple of million communists. They are not converting the older people, but training the children, and they start with the nursery child.

Not all their plans have been accomplished, and everything is in a state of change. That is one of the great things about them. They are not fettered by traditions, and when they do realize that they have made a mistake they go ahead and change. That is one of the reasons they are here to stay. The other is their tremendous earnestness and their faith in what they are doing.

There are no well dressed people here, except the foreigners, but no one minds that because all are the same. Some prefer to spend most of what they earn on clothes, but really decent clothes are prohibitive in price. Some are much cleaner than others, and some have a way of wearing their clothes that make them different. Almost no women wear hats. Most of them wear a piece of cloth ~~that~~ over their heads, tied either under the chin or at the back of the neck. The men wear the regular russian blouses outside of the trousers with a belt around the waist. Some open at the side of the neck with two buttons on the band, perhaps some embroidery around neck and cuff and bottom of blouse, and some open at front like our sports blouses. Very few of the men wear shirts and coats, and a stiff collar is a rarity.

There is no private property in Russia in our sense of the word. All land is owned by the government. In the villages land is apportioned out to families and is reapportioned every three years, so that one person does not always get the best piece. He cannot sell it. The people live congregated together, as they always have, in villages, and of course they keep their houses, such as they are, from generation to generation, and the whole village helps the young couple build a house of their own. It cannot be sold for profit. In the city a family can buy a co-operative apartment consisting of a couple of rooms and the use of a kitchen, and his childrens children can use it, but it cannot be sold for profit. In the city they are tending toward large apartment houses with a communal kitchen where food can be bought for cost. This eliminates much housework and saves time.

They admit, as we do not, that prisons are for redemption only. When a person steals, there is something wrong with him, usually his environment.

When a prisoner is illiterate, he must attend school so many hours a day. He is put to work in any case and earns wages which he can save. They are not large, but something. The prisoner can smoke and talk with his fellow prisoners. Only 30% of them are repeaters. They are taught trades to use in earning their living when liberated. There is no stigma to follow the liberated prisoner, and they help him to find a job. He can enter any occupation he is fitted for, even government positions, unless there may be a restriction put on him to keep him out of certain jobs from three to five years. Only political prisoners are treated more harshly and watched more closely. The important ones though are sent to Siberia or exiled. Counter-revolutionaries are treated the worst, and sometimes their methods are harsh indeed. The person whose training has taught him better is given a harsher sentence than the person whose environment has not taught him the proper standards. A communist who defaults is given a harsher sentence than anyone else, as he should know better.

Women are on absolute equality with men in everything and are absolutely independent to do as they please. No more wife-beating. They get the same opportunities and equal pay for the same work and are never discriminated against. A woman gets two months vacation before the baby comes and two months after, with hospital and everything furnished. She is shown how to care for the baby and what to feed it and when she returns to work the baby is kept in the nursery and she feeds it every four hours. Consequently the infant mortality has been greatly reduced and the population is increasing at a rapid rate, in spite of the fact that birth control and abortions are legal.

These are a strange people. Most of them are as simple as children. Some are as great geniuses as are anywhere in the world. The geniuses plan great things, but the mass of the people cannot yet carry out the plans, and must be trained. The marvel is that they have done as well as they have. They do not know what hurry means, and they neglect the details. Most of them are dreadfully inefficient, but when they get the spirit of the thing they ~~in~~ can be taught efficiency. They are rapidly getting, or have gotten, the spirit of doing things for the good of all. It is much better for all to enjoy than for a few to have.

I had almost forgotten to say anything about morals. There were none during and just after the revolution, but now the young people are about to become puritanistic, for the sake of the party, in spite of the freedom they are allowed. The women, at least, are for momogany, and usually what the women want they get. They may in time have a happier relationship than the so-called Christian countries, not in spite of, but because of the lack of restraint and the lack of any double standard.

Kirby has been finishing his book in London, that is finishing a part of it. He will work on it all year. Now that his book "Jesus and Western Civilization" coming out in October has been accepted by the Religious Book of the month club, he thinks this one must be better still. He will join us in Constantinople on the 15th of September, and strange as it may seem, I shall be really glad to see him again.

Much love,

Affectionately yours,

Mary Alma Page.

London, August 27, 1929

Dear Friend:

For nearly two months now I have been in England and have had a most profitable time indeed. During the first ten days, I participated in the sessions of the Sherwood Eddy Seminar at Toynbee Hall, and since that time have been engaged in research work in the Library of the British Museum. The program here was excellent. Among the distinguished Britons who addressed us were Lloyd George, Viscount Cecil, H. N. Brailsford, Sir Arthur Salter, Norman Angell, Seeborn Rowntree, S. K. Ratcliffe, Wickham Steed, G. P. Gooch and Herbert Gray. We were entertained at tea on the terrace of the House of Commons and addressed by the Foreign Secretary, the Right Honorable Arthur Henderson, and several of his colleagues. We have counted up that ten members of the present Cabinet, including Ramsay MacDonald, have addressed the Seminar on one or more years. Receptions were given for us by the Archbishop of Canterbury; Viscountess Gladstone, where the party met Viscount, formerly Sir Edward, Grey and Professor Gilbert Murray; and Lady Astor, who produced Bernard Shaw, Field Marshall Lord Allenby and other dignitaries for our enlightenment and entertainment. At Oxford the group was addressed by Principal L. P. Jacks and others. Really, a good time was had by all!

After the other members of the party went on to the Continent, I settled down for six weeks' uninterrupted work in the Library. Rarely ever have I concentrated so steadily upon one task as during this period. My object in staying here was to get a good start on a new book which I plan to call National Defense - a Study of the Origins, Results and Prevention of War. I have piled up an enormous mass of evidence as to the prevalence in pre-war Europe of chauvinism, militarism, intrigue and fear. An abundance of material dealing with the significance of nationalistic and imperialistic rivalry has been accumulated. In going over my records, I find that I have searched the table of contents and index and have read selected portions of not less than 500 volumes during this period, although it is obvious that not all of them were read in entirety. About one-third of the book is now in rough manuscript and ready for careful revision. My guess is that the completed volume will run to about 500 pages. It will not be ready for eighteen months. I am hoping to gather a lot of material as we go from country to country.

A cablegram brought me the good news that my book Jesus or Christianity, which is being published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, has been chosen by the Religious Book of the Month Club as its October selection. It is a study in contrasts between historical and contemporary Christianity, on the one hand, and the religion of Jesus on the other.

Tomorrow I am leaving for the Balkans. After conferences in Budapest, Belgrade and Sofia, I am planning to meet my wife, Mrs. Eddy and Sherwood Eddy in Constantinople, as they come out of Russia. After trying to get a line on the situation in Turkey, we go on to Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, India, the Philippines, China and Japan. We expect to get back to the states in June. Our children will be in Lincoln School, in care of our dear friends Eugene and Betty House.

Eight weeks here in England have convinced me that the Labor Government has gained enormously in popularity during the brief period of its tenure and that if another election were held tomorrow it would be returned with a clear majority in the House. In my opinion, Britain will be ruled by a Labor Government for several years, perhaps a decade or more, to come. What are the reasons for this rapid increase in popular esteem? Foreign policy is the chief explanation. Advanced steps

have been taken, or give promise of early maturity, with regard to disarmament, the optional clause of the World Court, the autonomy of Egypt, the recognition of Russia, the early evacuation of the Rhineland, ratification of the eight-hour convention of the International Labor Organization, and by no means least of all, the stand of Mr. Snowden at the Hague. A good beginning has also been made with regard to several domestic reforms. The school age is being raised to fifteen, significant housing projects are under consideration, new industrial construction is being planned as an aid to employment, Colonial enterprises are being stimulated. There is talk also of abolishing capital punishment. The fact that the Labor Government does not have a majority in the House makes it impossible to carry through its more drastic reforms until after a new election is held.

The implications of the Hague Conference are so numerous and vital that I am covering it in some detail in an article for the October issue of The World Tomorrow. Just here I will discuss its significance more briefly. By some strange irony, the aspect of the present socialist government's policy which has received the widest popular acclaim is that portion which has been most vigorously criticized abroad and which without doubt has seriously jeopardized international relations, namely the stand of Chancellor Snowden at the Hague. I have been reading a wide range of publications and am deeply impressed with the unanimity of the approval of Snowden's insistence that the Spa percentages be observed, that the disposition of Germany's conditional and unconditional payments be made more equitable, and that England shall not be victimized by Germany's deliveries in kind.

To understand the depth of British feeling on this question, it is necessary to recall the main course of the history of reparations during the past decade. As a result of the war madness, Lloyd George and his colleagues at Versailles made extravagant demands upon Germany. Whereas the French claimed an indemnity of 200 billion dollars from Germany, the British said that 110 billions would be sufficient! This figure was scaled down to 32 billions by the Reparation Commission and to about one-third the latter amount by the Dawes Commission. It was an English economist, J. M. Keynes, who first demonstrated the absurdity of these grotesque claims. The British Government quickly reversed its policy and subsequently and consistently has advocated all round cancellation of reparation and debts. And that is the attitude of the present administration.

Since the policy of the United States has made such a program impracticable, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken the position that undue sacrifices should not be imposed upon the British tax-payers. He is fond of pointing out that England has her own devastated regions and that it is the business of a British Government to see that further inequities are not inflicted upon its citizens. He emphasizes the fact that the United States exacted much more rigorous terms from England in the debt settlement than from Italy, France and several other debtors. Moreover, England was exceedingly generous in the terms granted to her debtors, notably to Italy and France.

Mr. Francis W. Hirst, in a widely quoted letter in the Times, points out that England's burden is really much heavier than appears because not only is she required to pay us 3.3 percent interest, as contrasted with 1.6 per cent for France and .4 per cent for Italy, her earlier payments are proportionately much heavier. He estimates that up to the end of 1927 out of the total of 847 million dollars paid to the United States, 802 millions or 95 per cent came from Great Britain, and that of 1,159 millions paid down to the end of the last fiscal year, Britain contributed 964 millions.

The feeling here is almost universal that rank injustice has been done to Great Britain. The conviction is widespread that this inequity is due to the fact

that British statesmen have surrendered point after point in numerous international gatherings since the war rather than see the conference break down, until France and Italy have come to assume that if they can only hold their ground long enough England will give way. This may or may not be the case but the average Englishman has no doubt whatever that it is true. Hence the extraordinary enthusiasm throughout the British Isles for a statesman with gizzard and backbone!

From the scores of clippings available, I have selected two or three as indicating the temper of the British press. "The British tax-payer," says the New Statesman, "has had a very bad time for the past ten years. He has been the milch cow of Europe - and of America too for that matter... But now, for the first time since the war, the over-burdened British tax-payer has found a spokesman who is ready, boldly and openly, to defend his pocket. Naturally he is very pleased about it, pleased at the prospect of seeing the end of the systematic blackmail to which he has been subjected for so long. For blackmail it has been for the most part... Not since the war had the Continent been thus treated to the spectacle of an Englishman standing up for his country." The Spectator declared: "At last Great Britain was represented by a 'man'. He was not a lath painted to look like iron." The Sunday Chronicle says: "If we were the heroes of the war we have been the fools of the peace...The time has come to stop quibbling." The opinion of the Sunday Graphic was thus expressed: "Continental nations have long regarded Great Britain as a kind of Universal Uncle, with a bottomless purse...I've an idea that the experts got into a tangle, which gave them a headache. Then, thinking they knew something of the psychology of the peoples with whom they had to deal, they decided: 'Let us give France and other discontented countries a bit more than their share to quiet them, and let dull old John Bull make up the difference. He has been squeezed by America and only grinned...So hand the others a chunk more, reduce John Bull's share, and then everything will be O.K.' Let us, therefore, be grateful to Mr. Snowden...He may be a Cromwell yet."

France and Italy, on the other hand, have strong cases. Reparation in the first instance was intended to cover the cost of restoring the devastated regions. Of the vast sums already expended on restoration, only a small fraction has come from Germany, while Austria never will pay any substantial sum. The bulk of this necessary expenditure has come from the public treasury. Long since the idea has been abandoned of securing sufficient funds from Germany to finance the rehabilitation schemes. The hope now is to get enough to pay the stupendous debts to the United States and Great Britain. Each succeeding conference has caused their hopes to dwindle until at present there is deep apprehension that the actual German payments may not equal the demands made upon them by the inter-Allied debt settlements. To Frenchmen and Italians alike this seems intolerable injustice.

The Germans, however, think they have the strongest case of all. Upon what moral foundation does the payment of any reparation whatever rest? Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles and the notes handed to the German delegates by the President of the Peace Conference in which the sole guilt of Germany for the war was stated and reiterated - these are the corner-stone of reparation. This thesis of the sole guilt of Germany has, however, been completely exploded by Allied and neutral historians - by Fay, Barnes, Gooch, Dickinson, Ewart, Ebray, Renouvin and a hundred other students of the documentary evidence. Why, then, should Germany pay reparation at all? This is what the Germans are asking in tones that will not be denied an answer. Because of damage done in Belgium and France? Then the Allies should honor counter-claims for damage done in East Prussia and to the whole German population by the terrible blockade clamped upon them throughout the war. Thus the Germans almost to a person feel that they are victims of the most diabolical injustice of all.

No settlement at the Hague or within the near future can be of more than a temporary nature. No permanent solution is possible under prevailing circumstances. All present discussions are based on the assumption that Germany will continue to pay for some sixty years. And this is a foundation of quicksand! Reparation figures have already been scaled down repeatedly and drastically. Further reductions are as certain as it is that the day follows the night. The highest authorities in Germany make no secret of the fact that they regard the Young Plan as a temporary expedient, to be replaced as soon as the public opinion in Allied countries awakens to the nature of the situation, just as the Dawes Plan and the original award of the Reparation Commission have already been replaced.

There are few well informed observers in Europe who believe that Germany will continue to make heavy payments to the Allies for the next six decades. Mr. Wickham Steed, editor of the Review of Reviews, said recently: "Broadly regarded, the 'Young Plan' is a piece of complicated make-believe. It solemnly enumerates the annuities which Germany shall pay during the next fifty-nine years...Nobody in his senses imagines that, fifty-eight years hence, Germany will still be dutifully paying these annuities; nor does anybody think that the European war-debt settlements with the United States will smoothly run their concurrent course." Those who expect such payments to continue indefinitely are due to receive sad disillusionment. Four primary forces will increasingly mitigate against heavy German payments; lack of the will to pay in Germany, due to deep conviction of the hideous injustice of reparation payments; inability of Germany to transfer the huge amounts called for; unwillingness on the part of the Allies to receive stupendous deliveries in kind or to accept sufficient quantities of German imports; the Allies' lack of the will to collect, since most of the money is merely passed along to the United States to cover debt payments. The Saturday Review inquires: "But does any sane man think that half Europe is going to pay reparations in order that the other half may pay it to America in interest on war debt? The system cannot possibly endure."

The United States, in turn, has a good case. The debts are legal obligations; great generosity has already been shown in reducing interest rates; the peace terms of Versailles revealed a spirit of revenge and greed on the part of the Allies; all these countries are expending enormous sums annually upon armaments; the citizens of the United States will be required to pay off the debts if the Allies do not - these are elements in the argument advanced by those who insist upon the faithful observance of the funding agreements.

I am simply appalled at the explosive and threatening international situation created by this combination of "good cases." Vast volumes of ill-will are being generated by this question of reparation and debts; far more dangerous passions are being aroused than by controversies over armaments. The Hague deadlock has released a flood of bitter abuse in the press of the respective countries. The French and Italian papers have been vitriolic against England, and while the press in the British Isles has been more moderate, it has revealed an ominous depth of resentment, as may be observed from the following quotations. In a leading editorial entitled "Thank God for Mr. Snowden," the New Statesman says: "We hope that the action of the British Government in the present affair implies the end of the entente with France...The existence of the so-called Franco-British Entente has been the bugbear and curse of the diplomacy of both nations...The 'Entente' is a palpable anomaly - indeed, an anachronism...France is the one Power whose aims are most utterly foreign to ours and whose influence is the most inimical to the prospect of a permanent European peace. Our intentions are opposed to those of the French politicians, yesterday, today and tomorrow...Probably there will not be another world war during the present century; but if such a catastrophe were to occur, then it is certainly most unlikely that France and England would be found in the same camp...If we are to pursue our national interests, a real entente with Germany, based on actual

common interests, is likely to be far more profitable." While the Evening Standard says: "If it had not been for England's purse the war would have collapsed in a year. Perhaps it would have been better for England and the world if it had so collapsed... As for the Italians, they were heavily bribed to come into the war, and when it was over they were rewarded by a larger share of the spoils than any other Power."

"Why Grovel to Uncle Sam?" is the title of an outspoken article. The attitude of the writer is reflected in these words: "The Americans came into the European war simply and solely as debt collectors. They entered it when Wall Street pressed the button, with the utmost astuteness, at precisely the right moment for themselves, and secured the maximum of spoil with the least possible expenditure of blood...Unfortunately, the world has had abundant evidence during the past ten years that the real power behind the American throne is vested in a gang of financiers whose policy is selfish, grasping and materialistic...A generation hence, the United States may succeed in forcing the principal nations of Europe into an economic union to resist her commercial rapacity." Viscount Rothermere, owner of numerous newspapers, recently published a lurid article under the title, "Will Wall Street Swallow Europe?"

I am overwhelmed with the conviction that here is the acid test for the peace forces of the world. No number of disarmament agreements, no pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, no League of Nations - nothing, absolutely nothing can dam up and hold back the terrifying accumulation of resentment, bitterness and hatred being created daily by the passionate sense of injustice of the present reparation and debt settlements - that is, nothing except a drastic change of policy on the part of the United States. Two elements in the present program of our Government make any permanent solution of reparation and debts utterly impossible: the simultaneous effort to collect war debts and to raise tariffs. Either one would be serious for Europe, but together they are deadly beyond description. However strong may be our case for the one or the other, their retention will surely and certainly wreck the peace of the world during the next three or four decades if they are retained. Only a fatal blindness and a deadly paralysis will prevent the peace forces of the United States from seeing the nature of the present crisis and keep them from putting forth strenuous and continuous efforts to change public opinion on debts and tariffs.

As important as is an agreement with Britain concerning naval disarmament, as significant as is the Briand-Kellogg treaty, as helpful as would be our adherence to the World Court - all these combined will not suffice to prevent ultimate hostilities unless workers for peace succeed in changing the present economic policies of the United States. To neglect these mighty financial and commercial problems is to insure defeat in the crusade to abolish war and establish enduring friendship among the nations.

Letters from America are a delight on a long trip! They will always be forwarded from 347 Madison Avenue, New York City, Room 704.

Cordially yours,

Kirby Page

P.S. Feel free to reprint parts of this letter if it seems desirable or make use of it in any other way.

Copy for
Alma & G. Jr.

London, August 27, 1929.

Dear Mac,

I will be grateful if, outside office hours as in the case of work on the birthday series, you will collect 1,500 names to whom Betty can send the enclosed questionnaire. I would suggest the following:

- 300 Senior Professors of Modern European History
- 100 Senior Professors of Modern American History
- 100 University Presidents (include Drake)
- 100 Editors of Daily Newspapers
- 100 Editorials of weeklies and monthlies (including chief religious journals)
- 100 Leaders of the Peace Movement
- 100 Club women leaders
- 100 Bankers and financiers
- 100 Army and Navy Officers and Chaplains
- 100 Clergymen
- 100 Labor Leaders
- 100 Social workers, YM & YW secretaries
- 100 Attorneys

Please include most of the persons who responded to my Monroe doctrine questionnaire. Use your judgment in compiling the list and turn it over to Betty. Give her your bill in due time.

Thanks a lot.

Affectionately yours,

Kirby

238
90.0
952
714
560
53

KIRBY PAGE
547 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

October 1, 1929.

Dear Sir,

Responsibility for causing the world war is a question which is agitating Europe. There is widespread interest in the problem in the United States as well. In an effort to discover the present state of opinion on the subject, I am sending the enclosed questionnaire to a group of representative scholars and public spirited citizens throughout the nation. I will be most grateful if you can cooperate by taking a moment to designate your answers to the five questions.

I shall, of course, be glad to send you a summary of the replies when they are tabulated. It is my purpose also to release this summary to the press, although the identity of those responding will not be made public. A stamped envelope is enclosed for your convenience in replying.

Sincerely yours,

Kirby Page (Use signature cut)

(to be returned to Kirby Page, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City)

questionnaire concerning

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WORLD WAR

Please indicate answer with cross in proper column

Yes No In doubt

1. Do you believe that Germany and her allies were
solely responsible for causing the world war?
Comment;

2. Do you believe that Germany was more responsible
than any other power for causing the world war?
Comment;

3. If you think it justifiable to assign relative
responsibility to the various powers for causing
the world war, in what order would you rank them
according to degree of responsibility?
Rank;

Comment;

4. Do you favor the all round cancellation of
war debts and reparation?
Comment;

5. In the light of all the evidence now available,
do you think the United States acted wisely in
entering the war against Germany?
Comment;

The identity of those replying will not be made public.

Name

Street Address

City and State

Position or Title

(Exceedingly important for purposes of classification)

A summary of the replies will be sent to all persons who fill out and send
in this questionnaire.

Mon. 29/09

Dear Dad,

Everybody seems to be crying because her best friend went home. Four weeks are up to-day. The old sampers have gone and the new ones havent come yet. Gee but it quit here.

By the way whats the idea in calling everything under the sun from "kiddies" to "folks" in the heading of your letters. Perhaps you got some letters mixed. I got three beginning with, "Dear Folks" dated July 12, July 13 the other one has no date but in another letter ^{dated 19th} it states that you wrote another one the same day. The one written on the 13th is a three page one which is unusual.

One written on the 14th starts

with "Dear Kiddies". Since
when are I more than
one person other than me,
myself and I. Wait a
minute! I think the three
page one is from mother,
because in her handwriting
on the margin is written,
"what is wrong with this word."
with a line leading to
the word "exaduration". I
borrowed a girls dic. but
it wasn't in the dic. Please
tell me what it means.

I'm not sure it was
mother's because it wasn't
signed. It had "Yours affect-
ionately" and that's all.

I might as well say
"Happy Birthday to you"
now since this won't reach
you till around then even

if this is the 29th. You'll
have to wait a year or so
for the present.

I hope you've gotten
some autographs.

Say! how come you didn't
receive any letter from me
you said in your last letter
you hadn't. I hope you
received some since then.

The new girls will be
here in a few minutes,
so I guess I will stop here.

Heaps of love and kisses
Mary

P.S. I'm sending these to
Aunt Betty Parker because
I don't know where you
are not having a scuddle.

TOYNBEE HALL

28 COMMERCIAL STREET

LONDON, E.1

Telegrams
TOYNBEE, ALDGATE, LONDON

(nearest Station
Aldgate East)

Telephone
CENTRAL 9120

Aug. 29, 1929.

Dear Grandma Alice:

I certainly want to thank you a million times for your pleasant letter, but there isn't time now to write it that many times.

That was a great victory of Kirby and Snowden at The Hague, but they couldn't seem to settle much until they were afraid that Kirby was going to the Hague from here, instead of direct to Budapest.

I've had a wonderful week with Kirby and I'll say many times over that it was worth coming to London to be with him for a while, altho I dare say that nothing has compared with the interesting time which you have continued to have in Russia.

Greetings to Kalinin and Stalin as well as to Sherwood and Mrs Eddy. Please turn over to Sherwood the major portion of this

letter. I thought it was perhaps best to
put his letter in your envelope because I
would save a stamp, among other reasons
such as saving an envelope.

Hoping that all is well and that
you will soon see your Kirby again.

Sincerely

Arnold.

Nearing Vienna
August 29th, 1929

Dear Folks:

As I do not have a typewriter with me until I get to Constantinople, I shall send one letter to the office and have Betty Parker - now the gloriously happy Mrs. Hatton Wilks! - send copies to all of you - all of you being Mother, Perry and Edith, the League City tribe of Newman and Folses, Leek and Norma, Princess Mary, Duke Kirby Jr., the venerable Uncle Gene and the benign Aunt Betty. That's that! The letter now begins!

Supper - I beg your pardon, dinner - on the train began for me at 8:30 P. M. - p. m. - past mealtimes. The whole dining car is served simultaneously, that is, approximately or somewhat the same time. First sitting begins at 7:30 and if that hungry mob does not exhaust the larder - larder, you know what that is - then another even more ravenous crew rushes in an hour later. It was worth waiting for. Everybody is served the same thing - take it or leave it. Most of them took it! You know what I did - or rather what I didn't, didn't leave it.

Now to get down to details after all these frivolous remarks. The first course for most of us was soup - sometimes pronounced zoop! I say "for most of us" because the guy came around taking orders for liquors and one of my tablemates, an American with the Paris edition of the New York Herald to identify him - ordered sherry and gulped it down, just like that! But to get back to the zoop. It tasted like spinach. Now you know what my answer would be if asked, which would you rather to do or eat spinach? But the more I deliberated on the matter the stronger became the four reasons for disposing of it in the moral way: first, I would have to pay for it anyway, second, it looked good, third, it would help to drown out the gurgling sounds all about me - you know what I mean; and fourth, it would help to pass the time away until the next course appeared. And fifth, for good measure, it would avoid giving offense to the cook who otherwise might get the idea that I had found out that he was a rotten cook. To avoid giving you a wrong impression let me say right here while this letter is still young, that the meal was really excellent, quite delicious, most filling and satisfying so to speak. Well now, to return to these five reasons. I said to myself: "You know what the Romans did when they were in Rome. You aren't any better than they were. Didn't they eat zoop? Besides, Alma has always said that spinach is good for you." And so finally, realizing that after all you have only one death to die, I grabbed the ladle and heaved it down. And - would you believe me - it was good! Moral: always obey your wife and you will enjoy your meals! Well, that disposes of the soup course. Are you still there? as the English telephone girl would say.

Next came the regular course - sure enough meat (veal), potatoes, and cauliflower - the latter being a vegetable which resembles a prizefighter's ear. I don't know how I happened to think of that. But anyhow you will get the idea. Let's see, where was I? Oh, I know - in the dining car. At this point I got some mineral water as ordinary drinking water is as extinct on these trains as the dodo. My fellow American ordered and had delivered f.o.b. thirty minutes a sparkling bottle of Burgundy - which being interpreted is a red, red wine! Am I wrong about this? Anyway it was red and it was wine, Seconds on the meat course if desired. I passed - believe it or not!

Then - to my astonishment and horror - came another meat course. This time cold hand and cold whaddecallit, with saled an neverthing, especially the neverthing! I'll draw the veil over this scene!

Marvels never cease for then came ice cream - real green ice cream. I can't bear to talk about it. Two and only two good mouthfulls. Crowning insult of all.

I forget to tell you that all the while the Burgundy kept sinking lower and lower in the bottle across the way.

Then cheese and biscuits - only you would call the latter by the end harsh word "crackers." By any other name it would have tasted the same. With coffee to top it off.

Then the lady opposite took out a cigarette, while the American gallant struck a match and the puffing party was on. While I sat silently buried in shame and humiliation for the fair sex - only she was a deep brunette with black eyes!

Now I hope you have enjoyed the meal as much as I did.

There must be a dozen or more nationalities on this train. It goes on through to Constantinople. We shall be in Vienna shortly and at Budapest at 6:20 tomorrow morning.

Love to all of you.

KIRBY SENIOR

Daddy of the Young Heir and Sunshine!

TELEPHONE NO.:
4277 MUSEUM.

(MRS. F. AMES, MANAGERESS.)

RED TRIANGLE HOTEL,
26, BEDFORD PLACE,
RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1.

nearing Vienna

aug 29th

dear Folks:

1929

As I do not have a typewriter
with me until I get to Constantinople,
I shall ^{send} one letter to the office and
have Betty Parker - now the
gloriously happy Mrs. Hutton
Wilkes! - send copies to all
of you - all of you being
Mother, Perry and Edith, the
League City tribe of Newman
and Folses, Leah and Norma,
Princess Mary, Duke Kirby Jr.,
the venerable Uncle Gene and
the benign Aunt Betty. That's
that! The letter now begins!

(over)

Supper - I beg your pardon,
dinner - on the train began for
me at 8:30 P.M. - p.m. =
past mealtime. The whole dining
Car is served simultaneously,
that is, approximately or somewhat
the same time. First sitting
begins at 7:30 and if that
hungry mob does not exhaust
the larder - larder, you know
what that is - then another
even more ravenous crew
rushes in an hour later.
It was worth waiting for.
Everybody is served the same
thing - take it or leave it.
Most of them took it! You
know what I did - or
rather what I didn't,
didn't leave it.

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RED TRIANGLE HOTEL,

26, BEDFORD PLACE,

RUSSELL SQUARE,

LONDON, W.C.1.

3

now to get down to details,
after all these frivolous remarks.
The first course for most of us
was soup - sometimes pronounced
Zoop! & I say ^{"for"} "most of us"
because a guy came around taking
orders for liquors and one of
my tablemates, an American
with the Paris edition of the
New York Herald to identify
him - ordered sherry and
gulped it down, just like
that! But to get back to
the Zoop. It tasted like
Spinach. Now you know
what my answer would be

(over)

if asked, which would you rather to do or eat spinach?

But the more I deliberated on the matter the stronger became the ^{four} ~~three~~ reasons for disposing of it in the normal way:

first, I would have to pay for it anyway. Second, it looked good. Third, it would help to drown out the gurgling sounds all about me - you know what I mean. Fourth, it would help to pass the time away until the next course appeared.

And fifth, for good measure, it would avoid giving offence to the cook who otherwise

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5

might get the idea that I
had found out that he was
a rotten cook. To avoid
giving you a wrong impression
let me say right here while
this letter is still young,
that the meal was really
excellent, quite delicious,
most filling and satisfying so
to speak. Well now, to
return to these five reasons.
I said to myself. "You
know what the Romans did
when they were in Rome.
You aren't any better
than they were. Didn't

they eat soup? ^{6.} Besides,
Alma has always said that
spinach is good for you. And
so finally, realizing that
after all you have only one
death to die, I ~~grasped~~
grabbed the ladle and
heaved it down. And -
would you believe me -
it was good! Moral:
always obey your wife
and you will enjoy your
meals! Well, that disposed
of the soup course. Are
you still there? - as the English
telephone girl would say.

Next came the regular
^{sure enough}
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and cauliflower - the latter being

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26, BEDFORD PLACE,

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LONDON, W.C.1.

7

a vegetable which resembles a
prizefighter's ear. I don't know
how I happened to think of
that. But anyhow you will
get the idea. Let's see, where
was I? Oh, I know - in
the dining car. At this point
I got some mineral water
as ordinary drinking water is
as ~~about~~ extinct on these
trains as the dodo. My
fellow American ordered and
had delivered f.o.b. thirty
minutes a sparkling bottle
of Burgundy - which being
interpreted is a red, red wine?

8.

Am I wrong about this? Anyway,
it was red and it was
wine. Seconds on the
meat course if desired. I
passed - believe it or not!

Then - to my astonishment
and horror - came another
meat course. This time
cold ham and cold whaddacallit,
with salad and ~~everything~~
neverthing, especially the
neverthing! I'll draw the
veil over this scene!

Marvels were close
for then came ice cream -
real green ice cream. I
can't bear to talk about
it. Two and only two

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LONDON, W.C.1.

9

good mouthfuls. Crowning
insult of all.

I forget to tell you
that all the while the
Burgundy kept sinking
lower and lower in the bottle
across the way.

Then cheese and
biscuits - only you would
call the latter by the crude
and harsh word "crackers."
By any other name it would
have tasted the same. With
Cobber to top it off.

Then the lady opposite

took out a cigarette, while
 the American gallant struck
 a match and the ~~the~~
 puffing party was on.
 While I sat silently burned
 in shame and humiliation
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 she was a deep brunette
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Now I hope you have
 enjoyed the meal as much
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RUSSELL SQUARE,

LONDON, W.C.1.

11

and at Budapest at 6:20
tomorrow morning.

Love to all of you.

Kirby Senior

the Young Heir
Daddy of ~~Junior~~
and Sunshine!

KØBENHAVN N. 9. 1. 29.

(DANMARK)

AABOULEVARD 14

TLF. NORA 5514

Mrs. Kirby Page.

Dear Friend,

Thank you very much for the kind letter and the very welcome gift. The money has been a great help to us and we are very grateful. ---

Of course it is difficult to sell the book through the booksellers; they are more or less resolved on only selling books published by the well known big firms. - But we have two good things to report: our members have been very enthusiastic about the book. A working man has gone from house to house in the small town, where he lives, and has sold more than 50 copies (without earning one cent for himself of course). And: though the Press as such has neglected the book, some of our friends have got small articles about it printed in different papers. The first one to help us in this way was the Bishop of Copenhagen [the primate of Denmark]; he is now

a pacifist; but he sees more and more the Church's responsibility for world-peace; he is a very sincere man. He was deeply moved by the book and said so. ---

-- Of course this is not so surprising, because a book with Mr. Sherwood Eddy's name will be received with a certain interest, and because the book is very good. I could not say that, when I was asking for help to print it. But I must say now, that we could hardly have found a better book to publish, and that the quality of the book has made a real impression.

Moreover the book has come at a time, when there is a reviving interest in peace questions. A short time ago 19 ministers [one of them a member of our committee, several of them our members, one of them my husband, whom you know] sent out a declaration, stating that all war even the so called defensive war is a sin, and that disarmament ~~was~~ ^{is} a Christian duty. They sent this declaration to every minister in Denmark, asking them to sign it, if they wished to do so. In all 135 ministers [out of about twelve hundred] did sign it. The conservative press and especially the Christian News-
paper

per protested with all their might. But the thing had happened. - - - - -

We have sent the book as a gift to more than 200 bishops, ministers, teachers and other leading persons. We still mean to send about a hundred copies. But we are anxious to use them in the very best way, so we select the people carefully.

We still have a debt of about 300 kroner, but we hope to see it paid some day.

I want again to thank you from my whole heart for the great encouragement you have given our work here.

With our best wishes for your work in the year 1929
yours in fellowship

Kirsten Juelin-Jørgensen

p.s. We had your letter long time ago of course; but the check was sent back to America, as we - having no bank account - could not get the money at once. We got the money in december; please, excuse any not having sent the receipt at once.

K.S. Th.

KRISTELIGT FREDSFORBUND

MEDLEMSBLAD: FRED-S-VARDEN

KØBENHAVN N. 9. 1. 19.

(DANMARK)

AABOULEVARD 14

TLF. NORA 5514

Received with thanks from Mrs. Sherwood Eddy
and Mrs. Kirby Page

seventy-five = 75 dollars = 277 kroner 75 Öre.

E. Petersen.
Treasurer. p.t.

K. Soelund-Thomsen
n. s. chairman

TELEPHONE NO.:
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RED TRIANGLE HOTEL,
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2

is one of the most beautiful in Europe. our hotel window overlooks the Danube almost opposite the Royal Palace. On Sunday we attended a most impressive Catholic service in the Church of the Coronation. The choir included women and was accompanied by a very fine orchestra. This was the first time I had seen women in a Catholic choir or an orchestra in a Catholic church. It was a most worshipful service. Will tell you about conditions here when we meet.

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LONDON, W.C.1.

Budapest, September 2, 1929.

Sweetest and dearest wife:

Fifteen years ago tonight!

Twelve years ago today!

Glorious years they have been and still more joyous ones are ahead. You have been a wonderful little wife and lover and I would give much to hold you in my arms tonight and tell you in how many ways and to what degree I love you. Never mind, the 15th is not far away and then we can make up for lost time.

The stay here in Budapest has been most pleasant and profitable. We have had interviews with a former Minister of Finance, the Secretary of State for Education, a banker, a lawyer, and several religious workers. The city itself

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3

We leave in an hour or so
for Belgrade. Will not try to
reach you with another letter
before you leave Moscow.

Hurry along! Your daddy
is hungry for you! What a
grand time we shall have
during the remainder of the
trip.

With heaps and heaps of love
and kisses without number

Lovingly your husband

Kirby

En route from Sarajevo to Sofia
September 9, 1929

Dear Folks:

I am just completing one of the most interesting weeks of my life. While at Belgrade it suddenly occurred to Bryn-Jones, a Baptist minister from Minneapolis, and myself to go to Sarajevo, where the World War started. We left Belgrade at 11 P. M. and at 4 A. M. at Brod changed to a narrow gage railway, which would its way up the mountains of Bosnia and down the valleys. At one o'clock we arrived in Sarajevo. Before the war it was the capital of Bosnia. For four hundred years this region was ruled by the Turks. In 1879 Bosnia was taken over as a protectorate by Austria and annexed in 1908.

The result is that Sarajevo is half Turkish and half European. There are 20,000 Mohammedans in the city and the scene is extraordinarily picturesque. One hundred mosques with their tall minarets make a beautiful sight. Nearly half the women on the street are heavily veiled and present a weird and ghostly spectacle. The custom is gradually breaking down, with the result that you see some strange combinations of ancient and modern dress. We saw many Moslem women wearing skirts nearly to their knees, low neck dresses, high heel shoes - and black veils. The men and many of the women wear baggy trousers. So do the little girls. Many of the women are barefooted and others wear wooden sandals. The bazaars are most interesting. Almost everything imaginable is on sale in small booths or on the streets. One sees shoemakers squatted down cutting their leather and making shoes. Brass workers and carpenters were just around the corner from butchers and cloth merchants. A hundred different costumes and endless chatter made the scene a memorable one.

Just a few blocks away were modern paved streets, fine buildings, automobiles, just like any American or Western European city. Women are wearing much the same clothing in the cities all over the world. Short skirts, low necks, no corsets, rouge and powder -- everywhere there is an extraordinary similarity. With peasant women in the country the situation is entirely different. From country to country one sees an endless variety of native dresses, many of them quite beautiful and fascinating. As a rule, however, the peasant women of Europe, except on holidays and gala occasions, wear drab, long, unattractive dresses and do a terrible amount of heavy, monotonous labor. Everywhere they are to be seen doing heavy field work.

On Sunday we attended church services at the Roman Catholic Cathedral and then at the Greek Orthodox Church. The latter impressed us the most. Each worshipper held from one to three lighted candles. There are no seats and everybody stands. It was a fascinating sight and there seemed to be a spirit of genuine worship.

We took four long walks up the mountains above the city and had some marvellous views. The remains of the old Turkish fortresses were visible on strategic peaks. The river ran thru the town.

We stood on the very spot where a Serbian youth named Princip assassinated the Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, and let loose a chain of circumstances which caused the World War. It gave one a queer feeling to be on the very corner where the fatal shot was fired.

We left Sarajevo last night at 10 o'clock on another narrow gage railway. We got seats where we could lie down. We climbed high in the mountains and it got cold before morning but we covered up with our overcoats. At noon we almost failed to change trains. We had been told that there were no changes and only found out at the last moment; otherwise we would have been carried in the wrong direction and probably would have lost a whole day. Later in the afternoon the same thing happened again. We were told that our train went thru to Sofia and only discovered just in time that our train took six hours longer. We made the change all right and are now on the Simplon express, a crack train that runs from Paris to Constantinople. We have just finished our first real meal in 24 hours. The sunset tonight was magnificent as we came through deep gorges with high peaks all about us.

There are very few houses to be seen. Plenty of oxen or bullocks. Twice we saw oxen swimming the river pulling wagons behind them. They are also used for ploughing. Once we saw a yoke of oxen, a horse and buggy and a Ford bus! In a longer report letter I shall tell about economic and political conditions.

Within two hours we shall be in Sofia, Bulgaria. We are just crossing the border as I write this paragraph. The customs officers wanted to know how much money we were carrying. We did not have enough to cause an argument! After Sofia we stop for a day in Adrianople. And then! Alas and the Eddys in Constantinople! What a talk-fest we shall have!

Love to all of you,

Affectionately,

KIRBY

Please send to all relatives on
previous list.

Enroute from Sarajevo to Sofia

Sept. 9, 1929

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talk-fest we shall have!

Love to all 7 you

Affectionately

Kirby

Sofia, Bulgaria
September 13, 1929.

Dear Friend:

I have just arrived here after an extraordinarily fascinating visit to Sarajevo. Few places in the world afford more remarkable contrasts than this beautiful and tragic city. I wanted to visit the spot where the World War had its origin and get the feel of the situation. So I boarded the narrow gage train that winds its way through the mountain gorges and valleys of Bosnia.

The first few hours in this ancient capital enable one to understand more vividly than ever before the polyglot character of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. Here is the meeting place of East and West, of Islam and Christianity, of Middle Ages and 20th century. For four hundred years this region was ruled by the Turks. The Congress of Berlin in 1878 awarded the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria as a protectorate and in 1908 both were annexed outright by the latter, to the consternation of Russia and the Southern Slavs.

Sarajevo has more than 20,000 Moslems, only a small percentage of whom are Turks, the great majority being the descendants of the Serbians who, centuries ago, adopted Islam in order to save their lives and property. The Christian Slavs of the Balkans, ever since the Ottoman Empire began to crumble, had dreamed of and plotted for a unified empire under the protection of Holy Russia. It is common knowledge that the statesmen of the Muscovite Empire of the North had encouraged and assisted the revolutionary movement which aimed at the detachment and liberation of their kinsmen from Austrian and Hungarian rule.

I wanted to stand on the spot where the young Serbian revolutionary, Gavrilo Princip, with the active assistance of Serbian military authorities and the connivance of Serbian statesmen, assassinated the Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, on that fateful June 28th. I went to the corner where the first bomb missed its royal target and traced the course of the Archduke's auto to the City Hall and back down the river bank until the chauffeur, making a fatal wrong turn, backed up and by an epoch-making coincidence came to a standstill in the narrow street only a few feet from where Princip was stationed. Two shots rang out and the royal couple fell fatally wounded. Within a few moments both were dead, but centuries will elapse before the last trace of the terrible consequences of that mad act is erased from the face of the earth.

As I stood there on the very corner, looking up at the memorial tablet which had been placed on the side of the nearest building, I was overwhelmed with the tragic irony of it all. What a commentary on the stupid blunders, the greedy ambitions, the passionate hatreds, the insane fears of statesmen and peoples everywhere! How amazing a world situation in which two shots from the revolver of a mere boy, half-crazed with the emotions of super-patriotism, could summon tens of millions of armed men from all corners of the globe and produce the most awful catastrophe of history!

In few European cities is there a more extraordinary blend of the medieval and the modern than in Sarajevo. The majority of its Moslem women still wear the impenetrable black veils that give them a weird and ghostly appearance. But the bonds of this ancient custom are beginning to loosen. Some

of the veils are so thin that they fail utterly to hide the countenances of the more or less fair damsels behind them. Not a few women lift their veils while on the streets when they think no vile man is in sight and lower them hastily when masculine footsteps are heard. I was amazed to see Moslem flappers with skirts up to their knees, high heels, low neck dresses and - veils, often as black as night, sometimes just thick enough to fulfill the letter of the law.

The streets are crowded with peasants and mountaineers in quaint costumes that probably have not changed for centuries. On the country roads one sees numberless ox-carts, a few horse-drawn wagons and - an occasional Ford car or bus! The Turkish bazaars with their endless variety of traders and hucksters carry one back centuries, while only a few blocks away modern stores display the latest wares of Western Europe and America.

Jugoslavia is one of the many unstable nations which emerged from the World War. Belgrade, the capital city, is itself an extraordinary combination of the primitive and the modern. Remains of old Roman walls still constitute a portion of the foundations of the fortress. Evidences of the long and oppressive Turkish rule are visible everywhere. I stood at the meeting place of the Danube and the Save and, looking across to what was formerly territory of Austria-Hungary, realized more vividly than ever before the exposed situation of the old Serbian capital. I had pointed out to me the positions of the Austrian artillery which bombarded Belgrade with such destructiveness. Utterly vanquished and occupied throughout the period of the war, Serbia emerged victorious and was awarded a kingdom with a far vaster domain than had been dreamed of by patriotic visionaries. What a strange combination of events that made it possible, in spite of the catastrophic overthrow of the mighty Romanoff empire on which Serbia had relied with such unbounded confidence, for an assassin's bullet to succeed so completely in achieving its purpose!

And yet even a superficial contact with the Balkan situation causes one to wonder about the permanence of the prevailing political arrangements. Jugoslavia feels menaced on all sides. Italy is in possession of territory which the Serbs and the Croats regard as rightfully their own and is steadily encroaching upon Albania; Greece blocks the way to a really satisfactory agreement concerning an outlet to the Aegian at Salonica; Bulgaria refuses to acknowledge as permanent the division of the lion's share of Macedonia between Jugoslavia and Greece; Hungary is bitterly and eagerly awaiting the day when her lost provinces will be recovered; frontier incidents along the Bulgarian border are a constant source of irritation and indignation.

The result is that Jugoslavia is in the grip of a mighty fear and remains armed to the teeth. The streets of Belgrade are crowded with soldiers, especially with brilliantly uniformed officers, bedecked with shining medals. While the people as a whole are exceedingly poor and appropriations for constructive purposes are utterly inadequate, 30 per cent of the national budget goes for the upkeep of the army, while the combination of debt payments, pensions and current military expenses consumes nearly one-half of the net governmental expenditures. Roumania likewise is extraordinarily unstable. Bessarabia is still a source of controversy with the Soviet Government; Dobrudja continues to produce apprehensions against Bulgaria; Transylvania is mourned by the Hungarians.

Budapest probably feels the loss of the war more keenly than any other city in Europe. Territory which had been Hungarian for a thousand years was lost to neighbors who are regarded as culturally and politically inferior.

A total of 72 per cent of her pre-war domain and 63 per cent of her pre-war population were taken away from Hungary by the Treaty of Trianon and awarded as follows: Transylvania to Roumania; Slovakia and Ruthenia to Czechoslovakia; Slavonia and Croatia to Yugoslavia; West Hungary to Austria; Fiume to Italy. Some three million Magyars are now living as minorities outside Hungary. The conviction is deeprooted in Budapest that the Hungarian landowners in Transylvania were defrauded outrageously by Roumania. This controversy, known as the Hungarian optants question, has been before the League of Nations repeatedly.

No patriotic Hungarian is reconciled to the permanent acceptance of present conditions. Nowhere in Europe is there a deeper sense of injustice nor a more passionate determination to recover lost provinces. Everywhere one sees the bitter slogan: Nem, Nem, Soha! (No, No, Never!) on maps, post-cards, candy boxes, door-plates, table-scarfs and numerous other places. Post-cards showing mutilated Hungary are widely sold. In the Square of Liberty in Budapest are four statues in memory of the unredeemed regions, with the Hungarian flag flying at half-mast. By official decree all school-children are required to repeat the national creed twice each day:

I believe in one God,
 I believe in one Fatherland,
 I believe in one eternal justice,
 I believe in the resurrection of Hungary from the dead.
 Amen!

Most Hungarians emphatically disclaim any intention of resorting to war on behalf of their lost kinsmen. They hope to secure a rectification of boundaries by peaceful negotiations, or to profit by some future international crisis. One well-informed and internationally-minded young Hungarian put the case to us in this way: "History proves that boundary lines are rarely permanent. Europe is now in an extremely unsettled condition. Each group of powers is seeking to strengthen its position. The time may come when concessions will be made to Hungary in order to secure her support or to avoid the possibility that she may join the opposite camp. We must therefore continue to make a nuisance of ourselves, so to speak, by maintaining an active propaganda for the recovery of our lost provinces. Then too, a new alignment of the great powers may lead to a general war. And then...." - with a shrug of his shoulders he concluded, "and then - who knows?"

If one finds the most bitter resentment against the peace treaties in Budapest, one discovers the most tragic consequences here in Sofia. Bulgaria did not lose as much territory as did her former ally but the economic condition of her people is far worse. There is an appalling amount of physical privation and misery among the five and a half million inhabitants of this war-torn country. Wages are pitifully low. A skilled carpenter receives from 60 to 70 cents per day, while unskilled workers get from 35 to 45 cents. When unavoidable loss of time is taken into account, it is discovered that the average monthly wage of a skilled worker is from \$12 to \$14. A railway engineer averages from \$14 to \$17 monthly.

The reasons for the backward economic conditions here are not difficult to discover. For five hundred years this region was bitterly oppressed by Turkish misrule. In 1912 Bulgaria engaged in the first Balkan war, in a fit of madness in 1913 she attacked her former allies and was unmercifully beaten, in 1915 she picked Germany as the winner and entered the World War on the wrong

side. She is still staggering under the burdens imposed upon her in the Treaty of Neuilly by the victorious Allies. The reparation demanded appears quite negligible to Americans and Western Europeans but to these poverty-stricken people the amount is cruelly great. The relative ability of Bulgaria to pay reparation is indicated by the following computation: the per capita income of the country, according to the Bulgarian Department of Finance, is \$61 per year, the total population is five and a half millions, the payment for reparation this year is \$1,900,000. If each citizen of the United States were required to pay on the same scale according to his ability the total amount for America would be 525 million dollars annually; that is, our population is 23 times as great and our per capita income of \$750 is 12 times as great. In 1934 the Bulgarian reparation is scheduled to be increased to \$8,235,000. For the United States to pay on this scale, according to relative size and wealth, would require two and a quarter billion dollars annually! No wonder competent observers say that this is an impossible sum for Bulgaria and must be reduced drastically, as has already been the case with German reparation.

In an article for the November issue of *The World Tomorrow*, I am discussing more fully my impressions of economic and political conditions in the Balkans. Although my stay has been too short and my contacts necessarily superficial, I have conversed with many interesting and significant people. In Budapest I had interviews with Howland Hegedus, former Finance Minister and chairman of the Federation of Hungarian Banks; Charles de Kresz, director of the Association of Budapest Banks; Paul Patri, Department of Education; John Victor, leading seminary professor; Paul Hollos of the Hungarian Bank of Commerce. In Belgrade I had conferences with the famous Bishop Nicolai of the Greek Orthodox Church; Dr. Marco Lecco, a distinguished educator and social worker; Dr. Milan Nenaditch, formerly attached to the Serbian legation in St. Petersburg; and F. W. Prince, the American Minister to Yugoslavia. In Sofia, through the kindness of Miss Tatiana E. Kirkoff, of the Foreign Office, who was in America recently, I had a full schedule. Unfortunately, the Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister were in Geneva for the meeting of the Assembly. Among the officials interviewed were Professor Danailoff, Secretary of the Government Party and President of the Parliamentary Budget Committee; M. Nicholas Stoyanoff, Director of the Public Debt Office; M. N. Momtchiloff, General Manager of the Bulgarska Banka; Professor George Stefanoff, of the University of Sofia; Takko Sakazoff, Socialist member of Parliament; and a group of fellow-countrymen from the American Schools in Sofia. In all three cities my Y M C A friends were most helpful and I am deeply indebted to Mr. Laky in Budapest, Mr. Ponitch in Belgrade, and Mr. Yaneff in Sofia. A suitcase loaded with books on the Balkans helps to keep me occupied on trains and at odd hours in the hotel.

This evening I am off for Constantinople and stations beyond!

Cordially yours,

Kirby Page

P.S. Please feel free to reprint parts of this letter or use it in any other way that seems desirable.

Angora, Turkey
September 17, 1929 -

Dear Folks:

We got into Constantinople Sunday afternoon instead of morning as we should have done. Kirby was at the docks at 7:30 but had to leave and preach at 11 and then back again, but he had to get dinner and leave again as he had to address a crowd of Y W C A and Y M and Robert College people at 3 P. M., and Mr. Baker of the Y W C A met us and took us to the hotel and gave us time to wash up a little, but not time to change our clothes, and took us out to the camp where Kirby was and we arrived just as he finished his talk and did not break up the meeting. It was good to see him again.

From there we went out to the College and had supper with some Americans, and believe me it tasted good. Russia is not much on food for Americans, and it is fearfully high but this is more like home. Sherwood spoke in the afternoon at camp after we had tea, and they both spoke in the evening. Sherwood and Maud stayed out all night but we came back to the hotel for the night. Yesterday morning we let the men go off to Y W C A meetings and one of the Y W ladies took us over the city a bit.

We saw St. Sophia, which was built as a Christian church and is now a Mohammedan mosque. It is a very large building with a huge central dome, said to be the largest in the world. The funny thing is that it only took four years to build it whereas the other large Christian churches took 20 or 30 years to complete. It has some lovely marbles in it but the old paintings are all covered over with gilt and designs. However, the form of the cross is beginning to show through the gilt in many places and in one or two instances the figures of the paintings are beginning to show through. We saw the old cistern where the city used to get its water supply. It is a large underground, stone-lined cavern and has 336 columns to support it. These are large Corinthian columns, and they now have electric lights to show how large it is. There are only a few feet of water now, but it is clear and sweet as can be, sufficient to last the whole city 21 days if it were necessary. The water comes from a long distance away. We saw the Blue Mosque, so called because it has so much blue tiled fresco inside, all blue and white. A lovely place indeed. To go inside, one has either to rent slippers to put over the shoes, or go in stocking feet. The floors are covered with prayer rugs and they don't want any street dirt brought inside. We went to an old church now used as a war museum, where we saw figures dressed in different styles throughout the time of Turkish rule. Some of the headpieces are perfectly enormous, and was a couple of feet high, many as big as a dishpan. Then we visited a Y W C A extension where they work with the girls in their towns and there was the loveliest Turkish woman in charge. Very charming, and the girls just love her. Then we went to the Bazaar Stalls, and stalls and stalls of everything under the sun, lovely old brasses and all sorts of things. However, we are not buying anything yet.

We went back to the hotel and were entertained at lunch by the Y W C A and I almost made a pig of myself things were so good; then we had a grand rush to pack a few things in our bag and lock up the rest for storage for a few days. We rushed to take a ferry over to the Stamboul-side to see a former Minister of Education, where we had tea, and had a conference; then back to the station for the train to Angora. (Inflection on first syllable.) This station is very nice, and was built by the Germans for the Berlin to Bagdad railway. We just arrived here at 9 this morning and the men are out conferring and we are taking the opportunity to write letters.

Now back to Russia. Everyone on the boat drew a vast sigh of relief when the boat pulled out and another when we at last landed on Turkish soil, as it was a Russian boat. However, we felt much freer after we left the land and were out on the water. It is a strange thing, we were perfectly free to go anywhere we pleased or do as we pleased in Russia and no one questioned us, but there was always a feeling of strain. The mail was almost always tampered with, if for nothing more than holding it a few days, and I am sure now I did not get all the letters Kirby wrote. The people there know nothing about the world outside, and they are afraid of it and afraid of each other. Money is tight. Everything is high and although most of them are better off than ever before, they are very far indeed below the average standard of living of other countries, especially of America. The Russian worker and peasant simply have no conception of how well off our average working people are. All they hear about America is from the Daily Worker, the communist paper in New York, and all that has to report is what capitalism does to the poor workers in strikes and lynchings or anything bad that is done. And the news in the American papers is just as bad a misrepresentation of Russia.

19th. Later. We did not go back to Constantinople, but stayed in Angora and are leaving early this morning to go across another way and we hope to catch up with the rest of our luggage in a day or two. It is an interesting life, but it surely does keep us hopping most of the time. We waste much time waiting around, for instance, we are now waiting for breakfast which should have been served 20 minutes ago. We may get it in time to catch the train, as we have allowed much time. We can always get along and have a good time over it. Breakfast has come and we must eat and get going. 7:40. On the train ready to go as soon as the train gets ready. Have about 20 minutes to wait as yet.

Lots and lots of love. Suppose that now we have joined forces again I shall have to do most of the writing, but you can just take the love from both of us and lots of it. We are having a good time with all the changing scenes and now that we are four again I am happy. Love again.

Yours affectionately,

ALMA

Allow at least 5 weeks now on for mail to reach us, 6 weeks is better.

Blues send copies
to 1. Perry & Page
2. A. Less Page
S. Fill
3. Arnold
4. Bat

Cairo, Egypt, Sept. 30th.

Dear Folks:

The last week has been one of the most interesting and crowded of our lives. After two days in Constantinople, we went to Angora with the idea that we would return to Constantinople. Later it seemed wiser to go on from Angora, so we had our baggage forwarded. We picked it up at a station in the interior.

Constantinople is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. One evening we were taken out to Robert College, some miles from the city. The campus is on a high ridge overlooking the Bosphorous. The moon was nearly full and we had a perfectly marvelous view. It is equally beautiful in the daytime, only very different. The mosques and minarets are numerous and striking. The bazaars are most fascinating.

Angora is about thirteen hours by train. Formerly it was the capital of one of the Turkish provinces. Now it is the capital of the entire country. Constantinople is too easily captured in time of war so the Turks decided to build a new capital that would be more inaccessible. They certainly have succeeded. Angora is situated on a high hill with an ancient citadel. Formerly it was a dirty, squalid town. Now it is being transformed into a modern city. Beautiful new stone buildings are being erected, streets are being widened and paved.

We met many interesting people. At a reception for us attended by members of Parliament, editors and other prominent people, Sherwood and I both made addresses, which were translated into Turkish. We had a long interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs and other officials.

From Angora we travelled all day on the train still further into the interior of Turkey. The region we passed through was barren and semi-desert, few villages being seen. All along the way we saw shepherds with their flocks. They live in small Bedouin tents. At Tallas we stayed for two nights with American missionaries. We were able to see real village life. We called upon the Governor of the province and upon a member of Parliament. We visited a normal school where teachers are being trained for the Turkish schools. At six o'clock in the morning we started by automobile for Ulakisa, where we arrived about 12:30. The ride was exceedingly interesting. We passed hundreds of camels, 150 in one caravan. We then went by train through Adana and Aleppo to Tripoli. From here we drove by automobile to Beirut where we stayed all night. We visited the American University, talked with President Dodge and some of the professors. We had a good visit with Leland Parr who was with us in Drake. The next day we drove by car along the Mediterranean coast to Haifa in Palestine. We passed through ancient Tyre and Sidon, which Jesus once visited. In Sidon our car was laid up for half an hour in a garage for minor repairs. During the brief period we were there we saw many interesting sights, ancient and modern. Most of the women wore the heavy black veil and were barefooted. Many of the men wore skirts and a turban. Ford cars and diminutive donkeys competed for right of way through the narrow streets. Goodyear Balloon tires were conspicuously advertised, as were also Fordson tractors and Socony

gasoline. Going along from Sidon to Tyre we saw many olive groves and palm trees, also banana trees. We saw people sitting on the flat roof of their house, while below the donkeys were stabled. We passed many women carrying jars of water on their heads. At one place a lunatic boy got in front of the car and with difficulty was persuaded to get out of the road. It made me think of the men possessed with demons in the days of Jesus. At Haifa we stayed all night at a hotel on Mount Carmel. We had a marvelous view of the Mediterranean. Below us was the River Kishon where Elijah had his famous contest with the priests of Baal. In the distance we could dimly see the range of hills twenty miles away where Nazareth was and still is. I got up at five o'clock the next morning and watched the sun rise across the plain of Esdraelon. A British aeroplane flew over the hotel and disappeared in the direction of Nazareth. As we went south from Haifa we passed the ruins of an ancient castle built by the crusaders when they were fighting the infidels. We did not stop longer in Palestine as meetings had been scheduled for us in Egypt.

In order to reach Cairo we had to ferry across the Suez Canal. It does not appear to be more than fifty yards wide. The next day in Cairo Sherwood and I both made addresses at the conference of Egyptian ministers and Christian workers. Then we separated for three days. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy went to Alexandria, while Alma and I went 225 miles by railway along the banks of the Nile to Assiut. We happened to strike the hottest day of the year. Believe me, it WAS hot. In two and a half days I spoke eight times. Each talk had to be translated into Arabic by an interpreter. I would say one or two sentences, then the interpreter would translate. It was surprising how rapidly we were able to proceed. During the short time we were there we had FOUR sure-enough TURKEY dinners, each with about ten other courses. I have never had as many heavy meals in such a short time. We started one meal with pomegranates, which I had not tasted for years. There is an abundance of fruit here and a great variety. The land along the Nile is the most fertile in the world and usually there is plenty of water for irrigation. The Nile has been higher during the past few days than for fifty years.

Yesterday we visited the museum and saw the jewels and ornaments that came from the tomb of Tutankamen. They are even more beautiful than we had anticipated and there are several rooms full of them. I will try to get a printed description and send to you. We have driven out to the great pyramids on two occasions and were greatly impressed. We shall see a great many more interesting sights before we leave for Jerusalem on Wednesday evening. We have met many interesting people. I have made three addresses here in Cairo and Sherwood has been talking constantly.

There has been a great change in the weather and now it is cool and comfortable. At Assiut Alma had a slight chill and some fever but was laid up for only two days. She is taking things easy for a few days until she gets her strength back. I will try to make letters more frequent from now on. We think of you folks constantly.

With much love,

As ever,

Nirby

Belts: Please send copies to

1. A. L. Page
2. B. L. Page
3. Pat
4. Knud

Letters, 620 76, 1928

Jerusalem, October 5, 1929

Dear Folks:

We have just returned from a never-to-be-forgotten visit to Galilee. We went by automobile and were accompanied by Dr. A. C. Harte, secretary of the YM here who is an ideal guide for such a trip. The distance from Jerusalem to the Sea of Galilee is about ¹¹⁰~~20 or 25~~ miles. We saw many of the historic sites of the Bible. We had a drink of water from the well that tradition says is Jacob's Well. We passed through the ancient city of Shechem. See Gen. 12:6; 33:18; Joshua 20:7. After the death of Solomon Jeroboam chose Shechem as his capital. We passed the ruins of the ancient city of Samaria. It was here that Ahab brought his young wife Jezebel, who was a worshipper of Baal. Centuries later the city was captured by Alexander the Great. We saw the site of ancient Jezreel where Saul was slain by the Philistines.

We spent the first night at Tiberias on the shores of Galilee. Of all the cities that were there in the days of Jesus, Tiberias is the only one that remains. It was built while Jesus was a young man. After the destruction of Jerusalem it became the chief center of the Hebrews. Ruins of an ancient wall and castle are still visible. Alma and I got up at five o'clock and went to a quiet spot on the shore and saw the sun rise across the lake. The lake itself is about 13 miles long and from three to six miles wide. It is surrounded on three sides by mountains or high hills and appears much smaller than it really is. Its shores are now almost entirely deserted. We were told that there are not more than 40 or 50 boats now used by the fishermen. We drove along the shore to the ruins of ancient Capernaum. Here we saw the ruins of a synagogue which is supposed to be the one built by a Roman centurion during the days of Jesus. At Capernaum, while the others were resting in the shade, I slipped away for a swim in the Sea of Galilee. So deserted was the region that no bathing suit was necessary and I had a most enjoyable swim. The lake is indescribably beautiful. The water is clear and blue, so blue that you are inclined to think it must have been colored artificially. For a long, long time we sat there and drank in its beauty. Only a short distance away are the sites of Bethsaida and Chorazin. We had pointed out to us the traditional site of the Sermon on the Mount. We saw the high precipice over which the herd of swine are supposed to have rushed.

In less than an hour we covered the sixteen miles between the Sea of Galilee and Nazareth. In the afternoon we climbed the high hill behind Nazareth and got a marvelous view of half of Palestine. To the far north is Mount Hermon with its perennial snow and the hills of Lebanon. To the west the Mediterranean Sea is plainly visible. Indeed we could count the sailboats and watch their movements some 20 miles away. To the south west is Mount Carmel and to the south the famous plain of Esdraelon where many of the famous battles of history were fought. Here the Hebrews fought the Canaanites, the Midianites and the Philistines. Across this plain swept the forces of Syria, Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Rome and Greece. Cleopatra, Pompey, Mark Antony and Titus all led their forces to battle in this fertile plain. Later came the crusaders and still later Napoleon. To the south and east are Mount Ebal and Mount Gerazim and Mount Khar

Taber. To the east is the Jordan valley. Only four miles away on the top of a hill is the city of Sepphoris where during the boyhood of Jesus the Roman crushed a rebellion, burned the city and crucified 2,000 Jews.

This morning I got up shortly after four o'clock and climbed the hill behind Nazareth for the second time. I reached the top at the earliest dawn and had a marvelous experience watching the sunrise and meditating upon the significance of the life that was lived centuries ago in the village below. The whole scene made an impression upon me that will remain as long as memory lasts. Hereafter the Bible will be much more real to me. In the village we visited a carpenter shop where a modern carpenter was making ancient yokes and ploughs. We saw Mary's Well where in all probability Mary used to come for water. We saw women filling their jars and carrying them away on their heads as in olden times.

During the next four days we expect to see the chief sights here in Jerusalem and will tell you about them later. The trouble between the Jews and Arabs has been quieted for the time. We are making an effort to find out what it is all about.

These are great days for us. Now we wish that all of you folks could be with us. We shall do the best we can to tell you all about it when we get back. The weather is delightfully cool and we are feeling first rate.

With heaps of love,

Affectionately yours,

Lirby

Jerusalem, Palestine.
October 7, 1929.

Dear Folks:

We have a nice large second floor room at the American Colony here in Jerusalem. The American Colony is a group of people who have been out here for many years. About fifty years ago a group of Americans headed by a Chicago man named Spafford, ^{came} to await the coming of the Lord here in Jerusalem. They waited many years and he did not come and they had to get to work to support themselves. Now the old people are gone and the second generation are in charge, and they have a prosperous bit of work here and there, and they have a lovely place here where they take in tourists in season and out of season and Brother Jacob (Spafford) is one of the very best guides in all Jerusalem. Some of them keep a store for selling curios and some take care of the farm and dairy and some sell Buick cars. They are a hard working lot and simple in their living and are therefore prosperous. This generation no longer wait for the coming of Jesus, but try to live as He would have them live. It is a lovely place to stop.

Just out the window we can look over to the minaret only about 200 feet off where the muzzehin comes out to give the call for prayer to the Moslem world around. It is a curious sing-song call easily recognized once it is heard. Just below is a yard where the Arabs sometimes stop for the night with their camels, and in the morning we can hear the camels grunt in protest at being loaded up to start again, and the donkeys braying to let all the world know they are coming. There is a tale that once upon a time the donkey did not talk, but Father Noah got ready the ark and gathered in all the animals and waited for the rains. One day the donkey went out for a walk and the rains began ~~and~~ ^{when} he came back to the ark and Noah had already taken in the gang plank and he thought he was going to be left and he called out as loud as he could "No-oh-oh-ahhh-O-Noo-oo-ahhh-Noahhhhh", and Noah came and let him in because he could not stand to hear him plead. Here in the streets of the East we see camel caravans and donkey caravans and then the motor cars passing them all. Sometimes we see a horse, but mostly it is the camel or donkey. Of course in the towns they have the horses and carriages, but on the road we mostly see the other beasts. Out here they often have three donkeys leading the way for the string of camels and the natives call it the League of Nations. The three donkeys are the three great powers that control the League, England, France and Italy. Of course the long caravans that come across the desert do not have a donkey to lead. Coming across the desert in Turkey we saw one caravan at rest in the middle of the day which had a hundred and fifty camels. From the train windows in Turkey we also saw an ox cart, the same kind that has been used for thousands of years. I saw one being hitched up at one place. The tongue of the cart was propped up and the man caught one ox by the ear and led him over and let down the yoke and fastened the chain under his neck and then he caught the ~~xx~~ ear of the other ox and led him around and hooked his chain to the yoke and that was all there was to it. When they move the creaking of the large wooden wheels sounds like lost souls in purgatory, or what I imagine they would sound like.

Just now the weather is quite cool. Jerusalem is quite high up in the hills and there is usually a good west wind blowing in from the Mediterranean sea and it is quite cool. The other day we went up to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee and down by the seaside where it was 681 feet below sea level it was nice and warm. However on the trip up there we had to put on coats and put a rug over our knees and then wrap a great big cape around Maud and me to keep us from blowing away. The men even condescended to put on their overcoats. When we stopped it was warm enough, but when we were

moving it was frightfully cold. Most of the time we were tearing around hairpin curves going up or down the side of a hill. This country is just one hill after another and another on the other side of that. True, one can stand at the dead sea and see Mount Herman at the other end of the country a hundred and fifty miles away, and one can stand on top of Tabor and see the sea of Galilee and the Mediterranean. We could see the Mediterranean sea from the top of Nazareth hill. It is a very tiny place and things that happened in bible times are made clearer by knowing that the distances are so small. We spent a night at Tiberias, the only city left on the shores of Galilee. It was a new town when Jesus was a young man. We went up to what is supposed to be the site of Capernaum. We arose early in the morning and sat on a rock in the waters edge for meditation in the quiet hours of the morning. Behind us ran the road and the tinkle of the camel bells and the calling of the drivers and the braying of the donkeys were the same sounds that have ^{echoed} sounded along the shore since time immemorial. We had our lunch on the seashore just below the Capernaum site and when we had finished the arab children took the scraps and poured them into the dress of one of the children to take home. We went on back through Nazareth and Kirby and Sherwood walked over the top of the hill and down into the city and came to the Arab Hotel where we spent the night. Mr. Harte, the Y.M.C.A. man who went with us, took Maud and me out to see some of the local places. The people of Christendom have built horrid buildings over every place which they consider once to have been a sacred spot and they have some dreadfully absurd traditions and superstitions about every place. But the top of the Nazareth hill is not specially significant and they have left it as it should be. We looked in on a carpenter as he worked at making packs for the camel saddles and yokes for oxen and winnowing forks and the wooden plows and things the people still use. They cannot use our modern plows here on account of the multiplicity of rocks in the fields. There are a number of British Tommies stationed everywhere since the trouble, and the night we were in Nazareth was the night off for most of them and they came and sat and drank beer and ordered some supper, and played the phonograph, and when they had played all the records they played them over again. I went to sleep with the phonograph blaring jazz in Nazareth of Galilee. We didn't have the heart to ask them to stop. Kirby got up very early and went and sat on the top of the hill a couple of hours for meditation, and because it is not marred by man it was easy to communicate with God.

Today we have visited the holy places in Jerusalem. The Mosque of Omar, or the Dome of the Rock, was beautiful and reverent. It is the one place in the world which is sacred to the three great religions today. The Jews had their temple there. It is the supposed site of Mt. Moriah where Abraham went to sacrifice Isaac. It was the threshing floor of Araunah and there is a cave underneath for the storing of grain. David bought it from Araunah to build the temple and Solomon built it. The Romans built a heathen temple on the spot as an act of desecration after it had been taken from the Jews. It is barely possible that once a Christian church stood there, but it has been a Mohammedan mosque since 691. The church of the Holy Sepulchre is of course, a disappointment with five different sects of Christians fighting all the time. They must keep soldiers around to keep them from flying at each others throats. We are not even sure it is the real place. They have millions of dollars worth of jewels, yet the dome cannot be repaired because they can't decide who will do it. They are so jealous of each other that one must not sweep one step which the other is supposed to sweep.

This afternoon we went out to Bethlehem. On the way we passed by Rachel's tomb. This is rather authentic, and is the only shrine owned by the Jews. The church of the Nativity is also a place to quarrel over. The archeologists are pretty sure that this is the authentic site of the inn where Christ was born and they have built a huge church there. The oldest christian church in the world, builded by the mother of Constantine in 330 AD. At least a part of the original church wall is still there. They show you the place where Christ was born and the place where the manger was, and the people come in and bow down before the places and kiss the spots and the Greeks and the Roman Catholics and the Armenians each have a part and woe unto the one who steps on the place where the other holds forth. They have to go by precedent and when they go down the steps they have to always go down one side and up the other. It is indeed pitiful to see how far Christianity has degenerated from the teachings of Christ.

We will go down to the Dead sea tomorrow. This is the one place in the world where you can go from a couple thousand feet above sea level down to 1300 feet below sea level within an hour and a half, from the temperate climate to the sub-tropical. Aside from the fact that the sea has no outlet, the waters on one side wash against salt cliffs and there is so much mineral matter in the water that nothing can live in them. They tell us that the Jordan river is just a muddy creek, and as this is the dry season that is probably all we shall see, but we do want to see it all.

I can't say that I saw much of Cairo and Assuit. We went up to Assuit on one of the hottest days of the year and it was about the dustiest, hottest ride I ever had. They had us scheduled for four or five turkey dinners and eight meetings for Kirby, and after trying the first dinner that night,

I just decided I could not cope with the splendor of all those other dinners and that I could not cope with the heat so I jumped in bed and had a chill and pulled up the blanket and called for a hot water bottle. I got up when it came time to go back to Cairo and they did not dare offer me any more big turkey dinners. It is a wonder Kirby survived all the courses, but he did and they survived the eight speeches which he gave under protest, as he did not want to talk, he wanted to listen. When he got to Jerusalem he put down his foot on the talks and sat down to write an article for the magazine, and behold, I shall have a job tomorrow morning copying it off. He is now happy again and planning another article as soon as there is a moment to write.

On Thursday morning we start out to Damascus to cross the desert to Bagdad, Ur and Basra where we take a boat for India. It is all so strange and interesting all the time. Much love to all,

Affectionately yours,

Alma Page